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culated in numerous variants. The following version was obtained from Miss Nichols (Salem, Mass., about 1800): —

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

1. The first day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
A partridge upon a pear tree.
2. The second day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Two Turtle doves and a partridge upon a pear tree.
3. The third day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
4. The fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
5. The fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Five gold rings, four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
6. The sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Six geese a laying, five gold rings, four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
7. The seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Seven squabs a swimming, six geese a laying, five gold rings, four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
8. The eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Eight hounds a running, seven squabs a swimming, six geese a laying, five gold rings, four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
9. The ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Nine bears a beating, eight hounds a running, seven squabs a swimming, six geese a laying, five gold rings, four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
10. The tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Ten cocks a crowing, nine bears a beating, eight hounds a running, seven squabs a swimming, six geese a laying, five gold rings, four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
11. The eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Eleven lords a leaping, ten cocks a crowing, nine bears a beating, eight hounds a running, seven squabs a swimming, six geese a laying, five gold rings, four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.
12. The twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me  
Twelve ladies a dancing, eleven lords a leaping, ten cocks a crowing, nine bears a beating, eight hounds a running, seven squabs a swimming, six geese a laying, five gold rings, four Colly birds, three French hens, two Turtle doves, and a partridge upon a pear tree.

AN OLD NURSERY RHYME. — I have heard my mother repeat the following rhyme as familiar from her childhood (she was born in 1797): —

Little Johnny Wattles he went to Whitehall,  
(Hem, haw, he went to Whitehall)  
And there he fell sick among them all,  
(Hem, haw, among them all.)

When Johnny was dead and laid in his grave,  
 (Hem, haw, laid in his grave)  
 The Devil came after him, but could n't him have,  
 (Hem, haw, he could n't him have.)

And out of his grave there sprang up a tree,  
 (Hem, haw, there sprang up a tree)  
 Which bore the best apples that ever you see,  
 (Hem, haw, that ever you see.)

When the apples were ripe and beginning to fall,  
 (Hem, haw, beginning to fall)  
 Old Mother Pinkleton picked them up all,  
 (Hem, haw, she picked them up all).

Her apron was blue and her bonnet was straw,  
 (Hem, haw, her bonnet was straw)  
 And she was the worst woman that ever you saw,  
 (Hem, haw, that ever you saw.)

She carried home the apples and put them on the shelf,  
 (Hem, haw, she put them on the shelf)  
 If you want any more, you must sing it yourself,  
 (Hem, haw, you must sing it yourself.)

*Pamela McArthur Cole.*

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

THE GOLDEN BIRD. — In reply to inquiries concerning a fairy tale of this name, once familiar in my family, I have received the following reply from a correspondent (Mrs. Amanda M. Thrush, Plymouth, O.), who only imperfectly recollects the story: —

“Once there was a rich gentleman who had three daughters. The two oldest were gay and frivolous. They cared for nothing but grand dresses, and gay parties, and disliked their youngest sister very much, as she was very beautiful, and entirely different from them, caring nothing for their pleasures, but was devoted to, and a companion for her father. At last he thought he would travel; so he called them together, and asked what he should bring them when he came back. The two said a silk, and a new bonnet. The youngest said a ‘Gold bird.’ ‘But what will I bring if I can’t find one?’ ‘Not anything,’ she replied. After travelling a long time, their father came back, and brought the presents the oldest ones had wanted, but nothing for the youngest. They laughed at her for her choice, but she was just as amiable as ever. After staying at home for a while, he wanted to travel again, and asked them as before what he should bring them. The two, as before wanted some finery, and the youngest said a gold bird. But again he came home, bringing presents the oldest ones wanted, but no gold bird. Well, the third time he went away, and they all made the same reply. This time he thought he *would* find the gold bird, for he loved his beautiful daughter more than the others, as they cared nothing for him, only for the money he had. This time he stayed so long